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VENUS

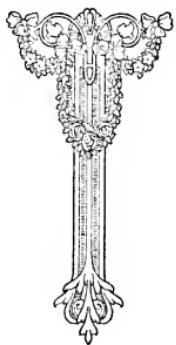
A Comedy of Two Worlds



UNDERWOOD

VENUS

A Comedy of Two Worlds



By JOHN BENNETT UNDERWOOD

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Ricardo.....the wonderful hermit genius
Andona.....his sister
Dr. Beaumont.....her lover
Rosette.....his sister
Mrs. Beaumont.....mother of Dr. Beaumont
Captain Call
Lieutenant
Sheriff
Governor of Arizona
Pat Murphy
Soldiers, Citizens, Messenger, Minister and People of
Mars
Prof. Docien.....a Martian scholar
Mrs. Docien.....his wife
Viena.....their daughter
Jus Aspo.....of Mars
Minister of Mars

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VENUS

A Comedy of Two Worlds

ACT I, SCENE I.—Porch at rear of Executive Mansion.

(Enter Governor, Sheriff and Messenger.)

Governor.

What! resists arrest by authority?
This hermit of the mountains, he a God?
Denies the power of society,
The just and righteous course of law and order?
We'll know the truth of his most wild assertions.
Does he make threats?

Sheriff. With words and actions too;
Aye, with a voice strong and mean invective,
A face drawn full of heartless, vain contours,
He threatens any one who should attend
To pry into his curious seccrecies,
With death by bullet or with dynamite.

Governor.

Lives he in a cave?

Sheriff. No, his vile retreat,
Is but, as I saw it from the outside,
A house of logs and mud without a roof;
No windows and no door, but in one end,
As projecting above the topmost logs,
I saw a part of what appeared to be
A single castle of shining silver.
What it is to save my life I can't guess.
I called "hello!" the voice of a woman
Calmly answered. Then I heard a murmur,
A head disguised peered high above the wall,

And with the voice of an excited man,
Demanded my business to know why I came.
I mildly told him, in a gentle tone,
That I came with a warrant to search the place—
I meant no harm if he had done no wrong—
Came just to learn that he abide the law,
And take the message to the curious
And prying people. Then he answered me,
With the painful fury I just spoke of,
Flourished a gun that I was forced to leave.

Governor (to messenger). Messenger!

Messenger. Sir?

Governor.

Tell Captain Call I want him here at once. (Exit Mess.)
A woman too he has with him concealed!
Well, now! I guess we shall know how he keeps
If it takes an army to conquer him!

(Enter Captain.)

Captain!

Captain.

Sir, I am at your command.

Governor.

Have your company ready in the morning,
Prepared with ammunition to kill,
To march through the hills to Liehigh mountain.
There's a dell where dwells a dangerous hermit,
Who threatens the life of any who comes
Within the circle that he calls his own.
Hurt him not if you can help, but fetch him,
Dead or alive, I say, to me fetch him!
This man, the sheriff here, will be your guide. (Exit.)

Captain.

Aye, aye, sir! We'll get that insane boaster
In the morning, ere break of day we'll start.

Sheriff.

I'll be with you, Captain; then
I will guide you to the glen. (Exit.)

(Enter Dr. Beaumont and Mother.)

Dr. Beaumont.

The frosty time of autumn in evening
Brings on a serene quietness to the air.
The noisy clamor of the busy town,
The tramp of hoofs, the continuous uproar
Of industry ceases, and the mountains,
Seem to hush with sweet responding echo,
This frantic mimic play, when evening comes.

Mother.

Yes, yes, my son, and so it does transpose ;
But tell me what of late so wrecks
With sorrowing sadness upon your mind ?
Have you been ill or have you fallen in love ?
Tell me all, son ; you need a mother's aid.

Dr. Beaumont.

Ill, mother ? No, sorrow, love and sadness,
All combined have entered in my spirit
In such a form as makes me think I dream.
The love I have is just a mountain girl ;
Yet she's cultured above most human kind,
Wild as nature, yet like an angel fair ;
I wonder if she's real or just a vision. (Enter Rosette.)
Oh ! here is sister !

Rosette.

Let me not intrude.

Dr. Beaumont.

No, stay with us. I am so much away
On geologic work, I scarce get time
To learn the news. (Noise of soldiers without.)

What ! Soldiers out tonight !

I wonder what the trouble is.

Rosette.

Hermits.

Company "K" is making ready for
Another hermit chase out in the glen.

Mother.

There is lately much gossip of hermits,

And exercise of government power,
To make them live more like the rest of us.

Rosette.

Strange mind one must have to be a hermit—
To desire to live, dejected, all alone,
In deep, dark seclusion from any one;
Not the sound of a human voice to hear;
Not the laugh of a child, nor anything
To cheer the hour of sad monotony.

Dr. Beaumont.

Yet some great geniuses have so desired,
And have much sought for such a privilege.
Remember Tolstoi, the Russian writer,
A man of marked talent and intellect,
Was seeking the wild and lonely life
When death o'ertook him, ere he was aware
That for the comfort of his aged mind,
He needed joy and human affection.

Mother.

Yes, but do you know that it's environment—
The force that molds our mind and after-life;
That the dream of youth becomes the guiding star
That leads us on. Young children should be taught
The social love.

Rosette.

So our governor thinks,
He is most desperate and determined
To drive from off these mountains every one
Who follows hermit life.

Dr. Beaumont.

But, do you know?

I sometimes think he is too very strict,
And wants to show but his authority,
In fear that some poor soul should fail to know
That he is governor. Let them alone;
The mountains are God's temples of the free.
Why should we molest an aged being
Who's lost all friends? Perhaps his wife has died.
He believes it his just right to live that way.

Rosette.

So does the Thug of India believe
 He has a right to kill the passer-by,
 And that is where a government comes in:
 Society must thus protect itself
 From non-conformity.

Mother.

Let's have music

Children, sing the song of Arizona. Then we should
 retire.

(All sing.)

Away in Arizona the mountain cliffs are high,
 And there the joy of solitude will all my sorrow buy.
 There is the shining silver that's buried underneath
 Like unto the vaults of heaven: let me my troubles
 sheath.

Chorus.

Let us then wild humans be, out in the raving storm,
 And let us too, with soothing zeal, a magic culture form.
 Oh! its all in the chorus of living, its all in the chorus
 of love,

Its all in the quest of sweet giving, that makes the
 splendor of Jove.

What is the strife out in the wild where God and man are
 free,

Where there is a plastic force kin to barbarity?
 It breaks the laws of logic thought, that penetrating blood.
 Beyond the living mind that's taught in the cultivated
 mood.

The tempest and the storm is life of all 'agination,
 'Tis the contrast that is made by this profound relation.
 Culture is the tie that knits progress to its counterpart,
 And to diversity supplies a concentrative art.

(Exit all.)

(With curtain last refrain of taps.)

ACT 1, SCENE 2.—The Hermit's place.
 (Ricardo and his sister Andona present. Ricardo

is carrying casks and placing them in the door of his great spherical cask.)

Ricardo.

Now, sister, you had better go with me,
Along to shoot the starry depths of space.
Bid adieu for awhile this barbaric,
Gredious, vain and unthankful world.
Yesterday it sent a spy, remember,
To learn and rob what I have made our own,
Or brand me as a crazy lunatic,
And torture me if I refuse to tell.

Andona.

Brother, I cannot go with you, away
It seems, almost to wild eternity,
Without the worthy man I love were here.
A gentleman he is of dignity,
A courteous lover and a scholar.
I can write him quick saying,
I am not where he may expect I am,
But in a virtuous tone just give a hint,
And bid him quickly to the mountain cliff.
Tomorrow night he will arrive—(Soldiers in the
distance.)
Where I can meet him, tell the secret,
And he most glad will go with us to Mars.

Ricardo.

Think you that he loves? O! if you knew!
Oh, sister! I know a certain proof to try:
Write the letter though, but in it tell him
That strange emergencies take you away;
That by three months you will to him return
And give the reason full. Thus let absence,
Like a faithful justice, test his troth.

Andona.

Should I doubt the true love of such a man?
All he has in this world he'd give for me.
That kind of love, brother, you never knew.

O, no! with a girl you never were in love.

Ricardo.

I love a sister.

Andona.

With a sister's love,

Virtuous, true and good; not the kind that woos,

Yet let me prophesy that when you woo

To love, in love you shall be most ardent.

Ricardo.

But Andona, we have not the time to wait.

An officer of the law I drove away,

With threatening fury, but yesterday.

A mob of people may be here ere then,

And I to escape shall be forced to go,

With the orb now ready, any moment.

Andona.

Ricardo! then good by—but for a day—

I'll leap the wall to quickly fetch my love.

Stay here till danger or I return. (Ascends ladder.)

If God shall be with me I'll go with you,

If not, risk no danger. Adieu! Adieu!

I'll hurry Ricardo, I'll run so fast. (Exit.)

(Ricardo follows her to top of ladder, where
peering over the wall he sees her out of sight.)

Ricardo.

Out of sight, Alas! Alas! Fond, reckless girl!

God help her! O, God! to come back in time.

Yet there's a kind of fear that penetrates

My weary mind. I had a dream last night:

An army came and drove me from the 'bode

Which I so peacefully have occupied

For twelve long months, till sister came—

My gentle, only living relative, (Comes down.)

And enjoyed with me our secret.

Long doubted she, till I did demonstrate,

The pulling power of my invention.

(Takes up a curious shaped object.)

Little knows the world, that within this shell

There dwells a force stronger than gravity,
 That with electric wires I can direct
 It, to haul me throughout the Universe;
 That several like it I have concealed
 Within the windowed wall of this great cask,
 Containing air in liquid form and water;
 Heat too, and an ample of provisions,
 A telescope and other needed aids,
 To guide me on my vast geography.

(Noise of Soldiers.)

What noise? 'Tis not Andona so quick returned.

(Sees Soldiers.)

Soldiers! Soldiers! high time I must be gone!
 Andona, no! 'Tis not so well decreed,
 That thou should'st go today with me to Mars.

(Enters cask.)

Five thousand miles an hour for me, old world.
 Oh, keep my loving sister well, poor girl,
 Till I come back. Good by, old world. Good by.

(Closes door, the engine gives a few puffs, and the
 big cask ascends out of sight, unnoticed by the sol-
 diers.)

(Sound of bugle without.)

Sheriff (without).

Come out of there, vile hermit! Show yourself;
 Answer me, scoundrel! I say answer my voice!
 Follow men; together we'll climb the wall.

(Sheriff and his men, captain and soldiers, pile
 over the wall.)

Captain, he has fled.

Captain (entering cave).

I'll enter this cave.

Oh! there is nothing here but one small room!

They have likely gone to find another den. (Comes out.)

(Enter two soldiers bearing Andona over the wall.)

Ho! here's the woman, or rather girl.

Weep not, young lady, you shall not be harmed;

But tell me where the threatening hermit is.

Andona.

Weeping among the stars, cruel captain.

You have driv'n him too quickly from this world.

Captain.

Oh! killed himself? Lead us swiftly to him.

Andona.

Could I tread on stars, kind sir, I would,

But with a great machine composed of more brains
Than you have muscle, he has left this world.

Sheriff.

She's insane, captain; she has lost her mind.

Andona.

I am not insane, thou lying scoundrel.

Since when gained you your wits to capture me?

Sheriff.

You have murdered the man that lived here.

Andona.

Murdered me my brother? O, you liar!

O, God! why did not I my brother's will?

I am punished; O, I am! 'Twas my fault.

Soldier.

Why kept you running after you were halted?

Andona.

I was running before I saw you, villian,

And you cruel soldiers chased me down.

Captain.

Well, this is a strange and curious thing;

This woman evidently is insane,

From some vile deed or act of horrid consequence.

I will take her under arrest with me,

Soon tonight before the governor,

As horses will bear us to the capitol

I'll only take the first two men and her,

The rest of you will stay. First lieutenant!

Make this headquarters and search the wood around!

The sheriff and his men will aid you, too.

Lieutenant.

I understand, sir, till further orders.

(Exit Captain, and two soldiers leading Andona, who is weeping much.)

Pat Murphy.

That poor girl is having a lively time.
They ought to treat her kind as possible.
There's no evidence here except in brief,
The dwelling spot of a crazy hermit;
Indeed the dugout is almost vacant
Of anything useful to a man.
We may as well refrain from further search.

Lieutenant.

Will you tell me, then, where the hermit is?

Pat Murphy.

God knows he's fled. He surely isn't here.
We shall save more time to search the mountain;
The hermit girl was running when they caught her;
Perhaps had they been quick and sharp enough
They'd caught the hermit too; undoubtedly.
I prophesy, he's a better cave.

(A citizen strikes a pick into a bank of dirt, overturns a great flat rock and discovers a dungeon All rush to see.)

First Soldier.

Who is there? Answer!

Second Soldier.

Follow on, go on in; I'm one.

(Several follow into the entrance.)

Sheriff (within dungeon).

Bottles, drugs, old books, chests, benches, boxes;
Surely it is a devil's dungeon.

First Soldier.

Yes, and here's a human corpse!

Pat Murphy.

What!

First Soldier.

A human corpse.

Lieutenant (examining).

Smells queer!

Its been embalmed. Well, bring it out, by lads.
And all the other contents of the vault.

Bring them on, we'll quickly to the Governor,
And him deliver all that we have found.

(Exit Lieutenant and Sheriff over wall.

Soldiers bring out corpse.)

First Citizen.

I warrant that is the hermit's body.
That girl has murdered him.

Second Citizen.

She'll be cleared in court, for she is insane;
Yet it is not just that she should go free.

First Citizen.

A mob! a mob! follow me! I'll lead.
We'll break through the prison door and hang her;
Aye, torture her and burn her to the stake!

Pat Murphy.

Haste not. We do that wrong in haste
We may come to sorrow for. Let the law
And justice take its course that we may not
Hastily murder for the state, and unjustly
Wrong the Governor.

(Curtain.)

ACT II, SCENE I.

Mars.—A plain. A great light approaching in the distance above. People collecting and gazing skyward; some with telescopes, others with opera glasses. All making much noise and speaking the prevalent Martian language.

Prof. Docien.

Elan imoder do folin e-fay.

Jus Aspo.

Amoder so payson lovis sugar!

(Immediately, in a courteous manner, as would become a highly civilized people where the disposition inherited from the hog had not come to predominate, the crowd form a great circle, thereby enabling more people to view the center. No police are required, however, to keep the line from crowding in; all are equally deferent and civilized. Wireless operator busy near professor.)

Prof. Docien.

Astro fromoscien do lovis sugar.

Ah! voe payson so conafiuorently.

(Professor keeps busy with telescope; three musicians rush to center of circle with horns and blow them; crowd cheers and a salute is fired, making great noise, as well as beautiful flowery flame, such as we people on earth call Greek Fire. Music while center of circle is being cleared and circle enlarged to make room for more people.)

Jus Aspo.

Mesa ango amoder flum aro
Tigra da lovis unt tri glo se so.

(Ricardo's machine makes a signal of two bright flash-lights. The salute is quickly answered by bright electric flashes, which dash across the circle as lightning commonly does between two clouds on our earth. Every act of the whole assembly appears to be spontaneous. No ordering or bulldozing is heard, excessive individual egotism seeming to have been tabooed as evidence of a barbaric nature.)

Prof. Docien (Raises hands skyward).

Laso! Laso! (All raise hands.)

Dense delandis.

(Ricardo's great round sphere descends in the great circle, the door opens and Ricardo steps out astonished at the spindle-legged and big-chested Martians. Crowd cheers and Ricardo bows.)

Ricardo.

Neighbors, friends, and fellow carbon matter:
 Total sums like me of many atoms,
 Dilated with an essence of one Divine,
 I greet you from the world! My mother world,
 The third star, or planet rather, from the Sun.
 But yet I do forget you cannot know
 A word of any language I can speak.
 Alas! is there a universal word
 Common to the sister planets of our Sun,
 Expressing plain that generous state of mind
 We on earth, where I was born, call love?
 Alas! Wondrous Universe, our actions must.

(Sings.)

O, yes! there's a common mother
 That gives us lovely light.
 She is common to our sight,
 That on any childly orb
 We call her ours.
 She makes us truly each,
 A sister or a brother.

(Musicians come forward with instruments and play. Ricardo greets many with a hearty handshake. Then comes Viena, daughter of Prof. Docien.)

Ricardo.

I never loved, I swear a girl till now.
 Knew you my language or could you understand
 I dare not so bold make haste to tell you.
 My wife some day, O may I fondly hope!
 I will love with the language the flowers speak.
 O beauty! Goddess of Love Divine.

(Prof. Docien bids with signs Ricardo to his home.)
 He bids me go with him up to his house,
 But I cannot leave here so unprotected
 My worldly task to some mere meddler.

(Makes signs signifying danger, but the
 Martians are so far developed ethically that

they fail to understand.)
 I am profane. These people have forgot
 Even the direful thought of steal and rob.
 Poor barbarian I! Forget I will
 And make me worthy of their company,
 Rest peacefully in a virtuous world.

(To Prof. Docien and pointing at himself.)
 My name is Ricardo. Ricardo.

(People all cheer and shout:)

People.

Vila Ricardo! Vila Ricardo!

Ricardo.

I am from the Earth.

(Counts on fingers.)

One, two, three from the Sun, Earth!

Prof. Docien.

Ricardo astro Earth er la fare.

(People all shout and begin to leave politely.
 Exit Ricardo, Prof. Docien and daughter together.
 Exit all.)

ACT II, SCENE 2.—On Earth a plain.

(Enter Dr. Beaumont, alone.)

Dr. Beaumont.

Tyranny now like a fanged monster lies
 Coiled 'round the heart of truth—and justice dies.
 Dressed in the white robes of authority
 She clutches in on her most innocent prey
 Till animate misery breathes its last.
 Then she transforms into a winged vulture
 And soars aloft. Let freedom once peep forth
 In the personage of a helpless one,
 Then she crouches down with fire and cymbal,
 Till death enrolls the victim.

(Enter his mother.)

Mother.

Well! well! my boy,
 Will you come home tonight? Your sister and I

So lonesome—lonesome—alone by ourselves,
 Have wished and wished you would come home,
 Give up the tasks that take you so away
 And linger in the common household more.

Dr. Beaumont.

My task, mother, is near a solemn end.
 I was at court today. Andona's trial
 Was ended. She is sentenced to be hanged.

Mother.

O! what woeful news! what woeful sad news,
 That she as guiltless as the flowers bloom
 Should so unmerciful be sent to death,
 O God! O God; Is there not yet one hope?
 (Enter Rosette, singing.)

Hush! Rosette, Andona is sentenced to die,
 Let all songs be sad dirges.

Dead? O God!

Rosette.

Dr. Beaumont.

Not yet, sister Rosette, but more the worse;
 She's sentenced to be hanged. Her suffering
 Is yet to come.

Mother. Lord protect her! O Lord,
 Deliver poor innocent Andona,
 Deliver her from such a death. Children,
 Come with me into our humble cottage,
 And let us pray to God a fervent prayer,
 For poor Andona. (Exit all.)

(Song, some funeral hymn, within.

Enter Pat Murphy and First Citizen.)

Pat Murphy.

No, I'm not going to any hanging.
 I couldn't bear to see a woman hanged.

First Citizen.

But everybody is talking about it,
 There will be a thousand there to see it.

Pat Murphy.

Then I'll not be missed. Let them fill their eyes;

They are guiltier than the one they'd hang,
To make a picnic of an execution.

(Enter Lieutenant.)

Lieutenant.

Congratulate me, Pat, I'm married now.
My wife is a beautiful little girl,
Just seventeen years old, sweet as can be.
We are going to the hanging next week.

Pat Murphy.

You had better leave the hanging out, sir.
Let the joy be sufficient otherwise.
Alva is a beautiful little girl.

Yes, I congratulate you, Lieutenant.

First Citizen.

Say, Pat; by the way, why don't you marry?
Are you going to wait till you're forty?

Pat Murphy.

Yes, yes, and get a widow woman then.
(Bugle sound. Exit lieutenant.)

Well, I must be going, its 'bout bedtime,
Time a hard working man should be in bed.

ACT II, SCENE 3.

Mars—A grassy plot in the shade of some bushes
on the bank of a great canal; both moons full; crickets chirping; tinkle of distant cow-bell.

(Enter Ricardo alone.)

Ricardo.

I wander long the old forgotten road
The last rays of sweet evening twilight
Hath dimmed away, and verdant nature speaks
Her sweetest eloquence, motherly forth,
Unto my soul. The moon, like a mirror,
Reflecting the face of a loving queen,
Reflects the rich splendor; the cricket chirps,
The harmless katydid woos his loving mate,
As gentle and as kind unto this state,

Of sweet wooing eestacy, I as east,
 Reverently, I fondly ask, O, may I,
 Great Universe, have too a Soul to love?
 Ah! yes! surely highest virtue!

She's sweet as a May blossom,
 The girl whom I love;
 Her step like an angel
 Of Heaven above.
 Her bright eyes sparkle
 In the evening, where
 Her rosy cheeks set beauty
 With her auburn hair.
 Her voice a charming dream
 Of worldly years,
 Like a tinkling flowing stream
 Of happy years,
 Listful half-forgetful pearl!
 My womanly love,
 Sweet Martian girl.

Ah, how I dream! I think I am in love,
 Yes, Monarch Love, how gentle, kind, and true,
 And affectionate in thy authority!
 Great! O, grand! How wonderful good it is
 To have a waxing soul! Virtuous ego
 Turns to truth. Aye, sister told me so.
 O, she on earth, I could not understand,
 Could then have taught me how to love. (Sleeps.)
 (Enter the Martian girl, Viena Docien.)

Viena.

O, my teacher! A world without a flaw
 Now rests as seems the solitary sun,
 At night when most mankind have gone to sleep.
 What genius is within this wonderous soul
 That it can rest a million miles from home
 In perfect peace? How happy must he be!
 Am I here or is this all but a dream? (Ricardo
 awakens.)

Good sir, awake! Love's drowsy sentinel sleeps.
Ricardo.

I marvel at your English, bright angel,
 You Martians learn most surprising readily.

Viena.

We have a perfect teacher, Ricardo.

Ricardo.

True, the book I gave you is considered
 An example of good English.

Viena.

Living, more a model, but; good Ricardo,
 The book, you say, is a true description
 Of modern life in one of the great cities
 Of your planet.

The teacher

Ricardo.

Yes, even a history.

Viena.

It reads much like a Martian novel
 Of Dange's time a thousand years ago.
 It seems strange to think of such a city,
 Where every one is greedy for himself,
 Like poor scrub dogs racing for a biscuit.
 I do believe you tell me tales for love,
 Ricardo, to give my nerves a thrill.

Ricardo.

Tales for love? In truth I love you, darling;
 You are too harsh, Viena, on my world,
 Can I tell the false for the truth of love?
 O Viena! Extending Universe!
 Endless Eternity! But witness this:
 Let all the smiling flowers breathe and speak,
 "Viena, I love thee." Whisper breezes,
 Whisper to all the listening forest trees,
 "Viena, I love thee." Oh, countless stars!
 Reflect to her the radiant impulses (Takes hand.)
 Of my soul. Sweet Viena, I love you.
 (Some one calls within.)

Viena.

Iho! tra la ho. God bless you, Ricardo. (Calling again.)
 Iho! tri andes de tri andes. But hear,
 My mother calls, for I should be in bed.
 Say, stay here, dear, both moons are bright tonight.
 I'll make believe I've gone up to retire,
 But raise the window and slip out here again
 To stay and talk till dawn. (Exit.)

RICARDO. A moment gone;
 'Twill seem a year. (Points to a star.)
 Ah, dear old earth, but soon
 I'll visit thee and bring to my sister
 Another sister, sweet and lovely too.
 ACT III, SCENE 1.—Earth—Governor's Office.
 (Enter Governor and Dr. Beaumont.)

Governor.

Tomorrow she shall die. Yet death is sweet,
 O, much too sweet for such villainy!
 Now you seek to have her pardoned,
 You a man of worthy reputation,
 Called a scholar, a gentleman and patriot.

Dr. Beaumont.

These, indeed, I respect, and most profound,
 I would see the State deal justly with
 Its enemies, though not in risk of truth.
 I'd rather see a hundred guilty free,
 Than one innocent human being hanged.

Governor.

You, sir, may mark this in your little book,
 That I, the governor, will not pardon,
 That skilled murderer, Andona. No, sir!
 My life and yours, and every citizen
 Would be in danger, should she now go free.
 Who might be her victim of embalming,
 To practice up for me? And then you next.

Dr. Beaumont.

Then will your honor grant a short reprieve?

Governor.

No, not a reprieve. Her case has hung on now
A thousand times too long. I am liberal;
I will not prolong her misery
By a reprieve. If she must die, why wait?
Time can never make what is wrong be right.
Tomorrow, understand, at two o'clock,
Andona shall see her God. Good evening.

ACT III, SCENE 2.—Mars, a plain. Round cask at side.

Viena. (Enter Ricardo and Viena.)

We start tonight, dear.

Ricardo. Alas, how time flies!
'Tis three months since I learned to breathe the air
Of this planet Mars. Love hath rapid wing.
We'll soon be wed and on our honeymoon.

Viena.

O sweet, not honeymoon, but honey worlds;
Your world shall be our first stop.

Ricardo. My world, dear?

Viena.

Where sister lives for we should see her soon,
That she and her worthy suitor may go
With us to Venus, when all are ready.

Ricardo.

And so should it be. I had much wished
To visit Venus first, and there return
To the orb we call the Earth; yet sister
Should go with us. And, too, some articles
Stored there, hid within my laboratory,
We may need; and moreover I have a fear,
Suppose some one should find an entrance in.

Viena.

Could they learn the secret of your machine
From the discovery of your secret shop?

Ricardo.

Not that. They'd never learn save from sister,

And she would never tell. There are some things,
Acquired in years while I was traveling there,
For others worthless, to me great teachers.
Do you remember of reading in your book,
About those great old Egyptian mummies?

Viena.

Indeed, bodies embalmed that kept for ages.

Ricardo.

One of these I have, how old I know not,
But, perhaps, five thousand worldly years.
It has been preserved.

Viena.

Think you it might be found
And, without your consent, taken from your shop?

Ricardo.

There is some little danger, yet I know I have
Every reason to feel it safe.

Viena.

Never worry. We journey there tonight.
When, dear Ricardo, should we arrive?

Ricardo.

It will take us twenty Martian hours.
Just let me see my telescope, that yonder,
(Directing to a star.)

Is the earth. There are the Rocky Mountains.
I see plainly the the Pacific Ocean.
In San Francisco the sun is setting.
It will be good mid-day when we land.

(Cheers and bells afar off.)

Viena.

Listen! Our wedding guests! 'Tis getting late.
We musn't linger longer, Ricardo.

(Enter a great procession with harps making
sweet music. All bring flowers. Prof. and Mrs.
Docien step ~~at~~ and drop a great wreath over Viena
and Ricardo. A minster steps out as the wreath falls.)

Minister.

By this I pronounce you man and wife.
(Music.)

(Viena and Ricardo kneel to Prof. and Mrs. Docien.)

Viena (to Mother).

Resinro tri me sumas ine,
Tre sumas semble de
Day asho eco trollin bine
Sol an, Sol in, Sol se.

Ricardo.

Semble sine eii concelene
Me andro vol en ne
Astro fum mathusledene
Sol an, Sol in, Sol se.

(They rise. Handshaking and bidding of good byes.)

Viena. (To Prof. Docien.) Good bye, father.

(To Mrs. Docien.) Good bye, mother.

Ricardo. (To Mrs. Docien.) Good bye, mother.

(To Prof. Docien.) Good bye, father.

Prof. Docien.

Many blessings, son, a long and happy life,
May Viena be alanda de o via anda.

Ricardo (to Mrs. Docien.)

A la varie se ma guela anto.

Mrs. Docien (weeps).

Se la Ricardo blessee great.

Send telegraph wireless every day.

(Ricardo and Viena enter cask and the cask
raises amid waving of handkerchiefs.)

ACT IV, SCENE 1.—Earth—A Prison Cell.

(Andona in prison.)

Andona.

What have I done that I should suffer death?
Sentenced to death! I, a powerless victim
Of a mute, mean and murderous jury,
Accused of killing my dear brother.

Oh! true precious soul, if you only knew
 Where I am now, how soon you would prepare
 With dynamite to blow this world apart.

(Enter a minister.)

O, now she comes!

Minister. A friend for your welfare;
 Aye, girl, I come to pray with you to God.
 You have been tried by jury for murder;
 All evidence was weighed impartial,
 And unwilling has proved your very guilt;
 And by the law that whosoever kills,
 Shall be killed, death is judged your penalty.
 Now I am in the service of the Lord,
 Come here to beg you to confess,
 To me the story of your cruelty,
 That we may pray to Him to take your soul.

Andona.

God knows I am innocent! God knows!
 Therefore your prayers could be but mockery
 Of direst falsehood that has ever been
 Enforced upon my weak and helpless sex!
 Yet, why do I rage so? You are innocent
 That I am wronged, and seek to do me good.
 Sir, many thanks, but in another way,
 You can help me. If I a helpless maid
 Ask not too much, your kindness will consent
 To do an errand for me.

Minister. What is right
 As my true conscience should judge, I will.

Andona.

I have, my good friend, a loving sweetheart,
 A worthy student and a gentleman,
 Who by that eruel judge, has been forbid
 To speak with me or see me in my cell,
 If I may have one right in death, implore
 The judge, I pray you, to grant this privilege.

Minister.

This privilege the judge already gave;
Now I take it your friend has not yet come.
Possibly, as yet he's not been informed,
Which I will quickly do. You shall see him.

(Exit minister.)

Andona.

Something invisible to me seems to say,
"Andona, innocent girl, you shall not!
You—you—girl, are not going to be hanged."

(Enter Dr. Beaumont.)

Dr. Beaumont.

Ah, innocent and gentle love, you are
Fatigued and nearly dead with much weeping.

(Embraces her.)

(They walk toward the window, where they look
out and see the gallows and crowd gathering.)

Andona.

Oh, that gallows! That gallows made for me!
See, the people gather and all with joy,
To see my execution. O! my dear,
You love me.

Dr. Beaumont. I love you, and on that gallows
I shall beg that I may die if you die;
By that same rope let me be hanged by them.
My God! my God! let me die too.

Andona.

My dear,
You are a physician acquainted
With deadly poisons. Have you no phial now?

Dr. Beaumont.

Hush! Hush, my love! I come to you with hope,
A happy hope with just as brief device;
I know the force of hypnotic power.

(Takes out a small mirror.)

If you can concentrate your mind upon
Some subject for just a moment,
I can put you in such a deadly trance,

That they will think you dead. When buried,
I can steal you from the grave—awak'ning
You will be as live as now. Look! Look here!

(Flashes hypnotic mirror to hypnotise her; she
is almost asleep when a great noise startles her.)

Andona.

Oh! the gallows that will not let me sleep.
I cannot think a single thing. Just blur;
Images come and go.

(Sheriff and posse are seen by audience ap-
proaching in the distance.)

Dr. Beaumont. Try once again.

(Dr. Beaumont waves hand in hypnotic fashion.
Andona sinks almost to a trance.)

Now, you rest—rest—sleep—sleep—you sleep.

(Noise of sheriff at door, Andona startles.)
Too late! My God, they come! (Dr. Beaumont faints.)

(Enter sheriff and minister and posse.)

Sheriff.

This act I always dread.

Andona. I to hang! O! O!

(Two men bear out Dr. Beaumont. Flashes of
lightning, noise of thunder.)

Minister.

Andona, your time is growing short.
You should confess your many sins and pray.
Let us ask God to have mercy on your soul
As any perfect Christian.

Andona. No, never

Will I ask God to do what men refuse.
Yet, let us pray, not for me, kind sir,
But for the wicked souls of my accusers.

(Sheriff leads Andona out. Exit all but minister.)

Minister (kneels).

O God! I believe this girl is innocent.

(Thunder and lightning.)

Would there could be taken off from this earth

That awful scaffold.

(Curtain amid storm.)

ACT IV, SCENE 2.—Interior of Ricardo's cask containing Ricardo and Viena.

Viena.

That moon! How quickly we passed that moon!
I scarcely saw, it went so fast. O, look!

The earth grows bright already. O, Holy gee!

Ricardo.

My love, you see a storm on the mountains.
An electric storm on the old Rockies.

(Viena changes to an opposite port.)

Viena.

They are still displaying fireworks
On old Mars, dear.

Ricardo.

Yes, dearest love.

Viena.

Most true,

They are signalling too. Arh Van sneezes!

Sweet love, I am going to answer,
With our rear signal light. Do you hear, dear?

Ricardo.

Yes love, gi almi no cingo.

Viena.

Thank you.

(Noise like something shooting.)

O! what was that, dear?

Ricardo.

Only a meteor.

Never fear, we frequently hit those things.

If we run into a swarm of big ones

We will slow down for awhile till they pass.

If it is getting too cold for you, dear,

Why just turn on the electric furnace.

(Viena turns a great valve.)

Viena.

I will try to keep the temperature at

Comfortable heat; just about seventy.

Ricardo.

Come here, dear, won't you guide her for awhile
While I turn on a little more oxygen?

Viena.

O, yes! May I?

(Viena takes wheel.)

Ricardo.

Keep her right on that star.

Now watch out and don't hit the big meteors.

(Tampers with devices.)

Look out for the moon, dear! Goish, 'twas a close shave.

Viena.

All safe now, honey.

Ricardo.

Good thing the moon has no air, 'twarmed
Us some passing at that speed through the air.

Viena.

Look! did you see that angel?

Ricardo.

Angel? Ho! He!

ACT IV, SCENE 3.—On Earth—A beautiful plain.

(Enter Pat Murphy, Captain Call, Lieutenant
and a number of citizens.)

Captain Call.

'Tis wonderful, 'tis mighty wonderful;
I always knew the girl was innocent,
But never did I dream that half she said
Could be true. The idea of a machine
Being made, that would fly from here to Mars,
Seemed like the dream of a lunatic.

Lieutenant.

She now has many praisers and good friends,
Who daily come to see and congratulate,
Beg a blessing and get a moment's glance
Of her and her brother, great Ricardo,
And his sweet, gentle, loving, Martian wife.

Pat Murphy.

It was fortunate that Ricardo came
In time to save her life. But that the storm
Delayed the execution she'd been gone.
It was a miracle. There'd been war
If he had come and found her dead,
As sentenced so by a gredious court
And hanged for murder. How good she's free!
Now she can marry the happy doctor,
So much deserving for her fair fortune.
He was the only man that stood by her,
Even in as great a risk as life itself,
To emphasize her innocence in court.

(Bells ring, cheering without.)

What noise! Listen! Ho! Ho! The wedding bells!
Ricardo was married to Viena,
And now Andona's married the doctor.

(Sings.)

The wedding bells! The wedding bells!

The charming wedding bells!

(Enter Andona and Dr. Beaumont, Viena, Minister, Dr. Beaumont's mother and sister Rosette.)

Andona.

Ricardo said he'd meet us on this plain
Ready at the hour that's now arrived.

Minister.

His generous love has made him tardy.

Viena.

The way these gawking hoodlums stand and gaze
I'd think they never saw a girl before.

Pat Murphy (aside).

Upon my word, she's the first Martian girl
I ever laid my eyes upon. Jabers,
And 'twill be me and old Ric for it
If she hangs round here long.

(Ricardo's cask descends. Ricardo steps out.)

Viena. Here he comes now.

Where have you been gliding to now, my love?

Ricardo.

Just a turn or two around the mountains,
To test those new electrone wires, my dear,
We put into the galvanometer shunt.
Her speed is greater now, with the current,
Short-circuited without the Wheatstone's bridge.

Andona.

I told you, brother, that some day you'd love,
And you did fondly jest at me.

Ricardo.

So it is. Little things unheeded grow
To great results. Praise to you, sister—
A doctor loves a wife.

Dr. Beaumont. Sweet, loving wife.
(Enter governor with flowers.)

Governor.

God bless you, Ricardo and Viena. (Gives flowers.)
(To Dr. Beaumont.)

For you, and for your gentle, loving wife
Poor as I am with blessing give all I have.
(Gives flowers.)

(To Andona.)

A radiant heart has but flowers to give,
Little as it is, take it Andona. (Gives flowers.)

Andona.

A little stone, good sir, might the course of a rivulet
change,
A rivulet a brook, a brook a river, till in progression,
The waters of the foaming ocean had consumed a
continent.

Governor.

Many thanks; and now you journey

Andona.

On to Venus.

Governor.

Venus, that planet yonder in the sky!

On earth Venus is the Goddess of Love.
May love long linger with you all.

(Dr. Beaumont's mother and sister Rosette,
Vienna, Andona, Dr. Beaumont and Ricardo enter cask
as they sing:)

For we're all going to Venus.
Tu la lip tu la boom! Tu la lip tu la boom!
Oh, if you're merry, come soon! come soon!
For 'tis only necessary to relate
That all the ladies, we'll take, we'll take.
For we're all off for Venus!

For Venus,
For Venus,

For Venus,

For V-E-N-U-S.

(Last part in tune with taps as cask rises.)

(CURTAIN.)

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